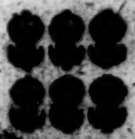
THE MEDAL OF John Bayes: A SATYR AGAINST FOLLY and KNAVERY.

——Facit indignatio versus.



LONDON:
Printed for *Richard Janeway*. 1682.

THE

MEDAL

O

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A

SATYR

AGAINST

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5524M

EPISTLE TO THE TORIES.

WE here present you with a *Medal of an* Heroick Author, *which most properly belongs to you*; (*he being at this time hired to Lye and Libel in your service*) *and in his last Essay, has perform'd it so dully, that if you put him away* (*as it is said of the* Gentleman-Usher *and the Doctor in the* Rehearsal) *No body else will take him*; *No, No body else will take him. We cannot say his Portraicture is done at the full length, or has all its Ornaments, since there are many touches to be added to it, which we shall reserve for the occasions he shall give us hereafter. But we dare say, these rough strokes have made the lineaments and proportions so true, that any one that knows him will find there is a great resemblance of him; and will believe that he has sate above five times for it. Though indeed he is so liberal of shewing himself, that in an hours space, he will expose all his Parts; and a good Drawer, in that time, may observe enough to make a* Nuditie *of him.*

* So the Painters call a naked Picture.

You may know he is no concealer of himself, by a story which he tells of himself, viz. *That* (*when he came first to Town*) *being a young raw fellow of seven and Twenty, as he call'd himself when he told the story, he frequenting but one Coffee-house, the Woman* (*it seems finding him out*) *put Coffee upon him for Chocolate, and made him pay three pence a dish for two years*

midable Cripple. *The unpunish'd audaciousness of this frontless Scribler, would be a reproach to any Government; and therefore no man can think him too hardly dealt with in the following* Medal: *especially since he knows, and so do all his old acquaintance, that there is not an untrue word spoken of him.*

There is not so vile an employment, as that of a Hired Libeller, an Executioner of mens Reputations: the Hangman is an Office of greater Dignity. Were all which your Poet says of this great Reer true, yet the Libeller ought to be whipt out of a Countrey for his Insolence: but what does he deserve, when he himself knows every word of it to be false! and scarce a Papist in England *believes any thing of it to be true.*

He is as unlucky in his allusion to the Turks wearing of Scanderbegs *Bones, as he is afterwards in his bungling Simile, about the feign'd Association. They were the Turks,* Scanderbegs *Enemies, that wore his Bones; and therefore he thinks this Lords Friends must do the same.*

According to the example which he cites you, Tories should do it, and I doubt not but ye would be glad on't: but we hope he will last, till by a happy Agreement of the King with a Parliament, your Party will hide their heads, or become of no signification; which for that very reason ye endeavour all ye can to obstruct.

I know not what good his Bones might do ye, were he dead; but I am sure his Brains, while he is living, would be very much to the advantage of the best of ye: those would keep ye from the ridiculous Follies and mad Extravagancies ye daily run into.

'Tis you that are apparently the Faction; since ye are the Few that have divided from the Many. 'Tis you who in your Factious Clubs vilifie the Government, by audaciously railing against Parliaments, *so great and so essential a part of it. They ought to lose the use of Speech, who dare say any thing irreverently of the* King, *or disrespectfully of* Parliaments.

If

If any thing could make the King *lose the love and confidence of his people, it would be your unpunish'd boldness, who presume to call the* Freeholders *of* England *the Rabble, and their* Representative *a Crowd, and strike at the very Root of all their Liberty. Ye are those who abuse our gracious Prince, and endeavour to delude him with false Numbers, and promising to serve him when ye have no Interest, as in all the frequent* Parliaments *(his* Majesty *has been pleased to promise us) will plainly appear.*

If any thing could dishonour him, it would be the bloody violence of your Spirits; your unpunished Exorbitances, and breach of Laws; your Huzzaing, Roaring, Quarrelling, and Damning by much the greater part of the Nation, and their whole Representative Body. Who made ye Judges in Israel? *but whatever ye might have been in* Judea, *ye will find very few of ye will be made, in* England, *Trustees for the Liberty of the people, as your Poet says, who (as if he had been hired for the whole Popish Plot) vilely casts dirt upon the best reformed Protestants in his next Page.*

That Beza *has been charged by the* Papists *for having instigated* Poltrotius Mercæus *to Assassinate the Duke of* Guise, *is readily acknowledged; but withal, we know how usual, and how meritorious a thing it is with them, to brand Protestants with whatsoever they can suppose will render them odious. Nor was this Calumny so much fastened by them upon* Beza, *as upon the Admiral* Coligni, *who was known to be a man of more Vertue and Honour, than to allow the least accession to so base a Crime. Had this vile Libeller but common honesty and ingenuity, he would (at the same time he presumes to revive this calumnious Accusation) have taken notice of the vindication which the Admiral published to justifie his innocency. Vide* Stat. Repub. & Relig. in Gall. *part* 2. *p.* 358.

And for Buchanan, *the character which Archbishop* Spotswood *has given of him, is enough to secure and preserve his memory from the stains which such Fellows as this, or any Enemies to truth*

and

and Learning, could throw upon him. Nor will Calvin lose the reverence he has from good Protestants, for this Libeller's mercenary Reproaches.

For the Association, which he next mentions, dropt out of the Clouds, entred into, and subscribed by no body, and seen by no one of our Party that ever we could hear of, (and we believe, by none of yours, but those that contrived the putting it into the Earls Closet) it renders you more ridiculous and extravagant than ever ye were; to set up an Abhorrence through all England, of a Paper, which you can lay to the charge of no Party, nor at one single mans door.

But we doubt not but if you had found or put the Libel your Poet was Cudgell'd for (though few of your Loyal Closets, perhaps, are without that, and other Libels upon the King) into the Earls Closet, ye would have set up an abhorrence of that, rather than not have kept up the Fermentation and Division amongst the people. When this is run out of breath, we suppose ye will set up the Ticket for the Forbidden Dinner, and ye will abhor Factious, Schismatical, Seditious, Fanatical, and Rebellious Dining, or some new Red-Herring out of his Lordships Kitchin will come forth.

The insolence in the same page of your Libeller, in comparing the Jury (that gave in Ignoramus to the Bill against our Noble Peer) to a Jury taken out of Newgate, deserves the Pillory, since 'tis evident to the whole City, they were all men of singular Honesty and Integrity in all their dealings, of signal good Lives, of good Understandings, and of great Wealth; and, in the Memory of man, the City has not seen a Jury better qualified; nor was there one Dissenter amongst them, to prevent your weak Cavils; Cavils, I say; for it had been no Objection if they had been all so, since they value their Oaths and Consciences as much as any sort of men, and have no Dispensations to go against them.

And this Clamour against the Jury, is because they would not believe an incredible matter from incredible Witnesses, who either were then, or had been lately, most of them Papists;

who

who were ſo inconſiſtent in their Teſtimony with one another and themſelves, that I am confident not one of the reverend Bench believed them: if they did, they muſt be very ſhallow, and muſt take this Lord to be little better than an Ideot. If ye look upon the Oath of a Grand Jury-man, ye will find that the meaning of thoſe two words Billa Vera *is, they do believe the matter of the Bill in their Conſciences to be true; which if they did not, they muſt have been perjur'd if they found the Bill. The Law provides, that in capital Caſes, a man ſhall not be wrongfully accuſed, and therefore appoints two Juries, both which are bound to find according to their belief; and the injuſtice is as great, though the injury be leſs, for the former to accuſe by Indictment, if they believe the party innocent, as for the latter to hang him with the ſame belief.*

If ye had had the diſpoſal of the Juries, we doubt not but there are Conſpirators would have found Witneſſes to have ſworn that moſt of the Nobility and Gentry who have been zealous and active againſt Popery, had entred into this feigned Aſſociation. Heaven keep us from Juries, ſuch as will give 800 l. *dammages to a Powder-monkey, without any Dammage proved, (for words ſpoken by a Magiſtrate in rebuking the ſawcy Fellow) as if it were* Scandalum Magnatum *to abuſe a Tory, though a ſeller of Waſh-balls: And from that which gave* 1000 l. *to a Knight for being called Papiſt, whom it would not, perhaps, have coſt* 100 l. *if he had been convicted: Or* 500 l. *to a notorious Varlet, for being ſix hours detained by a Meſſenger, (after notice of the Diſſolution of a Parliament) and perhaps no legal notice neither. Our Juries are zealous to preſerve the Innocent, and yours to ruine and deſtroy them.*

Ye ſee what manner of Spirit it is that actuates ye; and by the Fruits we can gueſs whether it be good or evil: it ſeems to us to breath forth nothing but Ruine, Murther, and Maſſacre. And, for your underſtanding, 'tis ſufficiently ſhewn, by your profeſſing to believe a Proteſtant Plot (to Seize and Depoſe the King, and deſtroy the Government) without any other Circumſtance proved, than that of a Joyner riding with Sword and

Piſtols

Pistols to Oxford, *who had used to ride so armed many years before; and yet ye have the face to deny a Popish Plot, (for the destruction of the Kings Person and Government) after* Coleman's *Letters, and the others published by the Recorder (by command from the House of Commons); the Murther of Sir* Edmundbury Godfrey, *the Assassination of Mr.* Arnold; *After a general Report among the Jesuites in all forein Popish Countries, of the Kings being dead (it seems they thought themselves cock-sure) at the time Dr.* Oates *swears he was to be murther'd here; and a multitude of other convincing Circumstances, which were of that force, that there were at least ten of the Kings Proclamations that affirmed it, a publick Fast was enjoyned for it, and three successive Parliaments,* nemine contradicente, *upon a full hearing of the Evidence, reading all the Letters, and weighing all the Circumstances, declared it to be a horrid Conspiracy against the Kings Life and Government What impudence or stupidity is this, let the world judge!*

Now, Tories, *fare ye well; apply your heads to thinking a little, and do not, like young Whelps, run away with a false Scent, and cry out* Forty One *and* Ignoramus; *and in time ye may be wiser; and let your Poet know, that the first occasion he gives, he shall hear from us farther.*

THE

THE

MEDAL

OF

John Bayes:

OR,

A Satyr upon Folly and Knavery.

HOw long ſhall I endure, without reply,
To hear this * *Bayes*, this Hackney-rayler lie?
The fool uncudgell'd, for one Libel ſwells,
Where not his Wit, but Sawcineſs excels;
Whilſt with foul Words and Names which he lets flie,
He quite defiles the *Satyr's* Dignity.

* *His Name in the* Rehearſal.

For Libel and true *Satyr* different be;
This muſt have *Truth*, and *Salt*, with *Modeſty*.
Sparing the Perſons, this does tax the Crimes,
Gall's not great Men, but Vices of the Times.
With Witty and Sharp, not blunt and bitter lines.
Methinks the Ghoſt of *Horace* there I ſee,
Laſhing this *Cherry-cheek'd Dunce* of Fifty three;
Who, at that age, ſo boldly durſt profane,
With baſe hir'd Libel, the free *Satyr*'s Vein.
Thou ſtil'ſt it Satyr, to call Names, Rogue, Whore,
Traytor, and Rebel, and a thouſand more.
An Oyſter-wench is ſure thy *Muſe* of late,
And all thy *Helicon*'s at *Billingſgate*.
A Libellers vile name then may'ſt thou gain,
And moderately the Writing part maintain,
None can ſo well the beating part ſuſtain.
Though with thy Sword, thou art the laſt of Men,
Thou art a damn'd *Boroski* with thy Pen.

As far from *Satyr* does thy Talent lye,
As from being cheerful, or good company.
For thou art * *Saturnine*, thou dost confess; ——
A civil word thy Dulness to express.
An old gelt Mastiff has more mirth than thou,
When thou a kind of paltry Mirth would'st show.
Good humour thou so awkwardly put'st on,
It sits like Modish Clothes upon a Clown;
While that of Gentlemen is brisk and high,
When Wine and Wit about the room does flie.
Thou never mak'st, but art a standing Jest;
Thy Mirth by foolish Bawdry is exprest;
And so debauch'd, so fulsome, and so odd,
As——
Let's Bugger one another now by G—d.
(When ask'd how they should spend the Afternoon)
This was the smart * reply of the Heroick Clown.

* *In his Dramatick Essay.*
* *At* Windsor, *in the company of several persons of Quality, Sir* G. E. *being present.*

He boasts of Vice (which he did ne'r commit)
Calls himself *Whoremaster* and *Sodomite*;
Commends *Reeve's* Arse, and says she Buggers well;
And silly Lyes of vitious pranks does tell.
This is a Sample of his Mirth and Wit,
Which he for the best Company thinks fit.
In a rich Soyl, the sprightly Horse y'have seen,
Run, leap, and wanton o're the flow'ry green,
Praunce, and curvet, with pleasure to the sight;
But it could never any eyes delight,
To see the frisking frolicks of a Cow;
And such another merry thing art Thou.
In Verse, thou hast a knack, with words to chime,
And had'st a kind of Excellence in Rime:
With Rimes like leading-strings, thou walk'dst; but,
Lay'd by, at every step thou brok'st thy Nose. [those
How low thy Farcel and thy blank Verse how mean,
How poor, how naked did appear each Scene!

Even

Even thou didst blush at thy insipid stuff,
And laid thy dulness on poor harmless Snuff.
No Comick Scene, or humour hast thou wrought;
Thou'st quibling Bawdy, and ill breeding taught;
But Rime's sad downfal has thy ruine brought.
No Piece did ever from thy self begin;
Thou can'st no web, from thine own bowels, spin.
Were from thy Works cull'd out what thou'st pur-[loin'd,
Even *D--fey* would excel what's left behind.
Should all thy borrow'd plumes we from thee tear,
How truly * *Poet Squab* would'st thou appear!
Thou call'st thy self, and Fools call thee, in Rime,
The goodly *Prince of Poets*, of thy time;
And Sov'raign power thou dost usurp, *John Bayes*,
And from all *Poets* thou a Tax dost raise.
Thou plunder'st all, t'advance thy mighty Name;
Look'st big, and triumph'st with thy borrow'd fame.

* *The Name given him by the Earl of* Rochester.

But

But art (while swelling thus thou think'st th'art Chief)
A servile Imitator and a Thief †.
All written Wit thou seizest on as prize;
But that will not thy ravenous mind suffice;
Though men from thee their inward thoughts conceal,
Yet thou the words out of their mouths wilt steal.
How little owe we to your Native store,
Who all you write have heard or read before?
Except your Libels, and there's something new;
For none were ere so impudent as you.
Some Scoundrel Poetasters yet there be,
Fools that Burlesque the name of Loyalty,
Who by reviling Patriots, think to be
From lowzineſs and hunger ever free:
But will (for all their hopes of swelling bags)
Return to Primitive nastineſs and rags.
These are blind Fools: thou hadst some kind of sight,
Thou sinn'st against thy Conscience and the Light.

† Oh imitatores servum pecus!

After

After the * drubs, thou didst of late compound,
And sold for th'weight in Gold each bruise & wound,
Clear was thy sight, and none declaim'd then more
Gainst *Popish Plots*, and *Arbitrary Power*.
The *Ministers* thou bluntly wouldst assail,
And it was dangerous to hear thee rail.
(*Oh may not* England *stupid be like thee!*
Heaven grant it may not feel before it see.)
Now he recants, and on that beating thrives:
Thus *Poet Laureats*, and *Russian Wives*,
Do strangely upon beating mend their Lives.
But how comes *Bayes* to flag and grovel so?
Sure your new *Lords* are in their payments slow.
Thou deserv'st whipping thou'rt so dull, this time,
Thou'st turn'd the *Observator* into Rime.
But thou supplyest the want of Wit and Sense,
With most malitious Lies, and Impudence.

* *In* Rose-Alley.

At *Cambridge* first your scurrilous Vein began,
When sawcily you traduc'd a † *Nobleman*,
Who for that Crime rebuk'd you on the head,
And you had been Expell'd had you not fled.
The next step of Advancement you began,
Was being Clerk to *Nolls* Lord *Chamberlain*,
A Sequestrator and Committee-man.
There all your wholesome Morals you suckt in,
And got your Gentile Gayety and Meen.
Your Loyalty you learn'd in *Cromwels* Court,
Where first your Muse did make her great effort.
On him you first shew'd your Poetick strain,
* *And prais'd his opening the Basilick Vein.*
——And were that possible to come agen,
Thou on that side wouldst draw thy slavish Pen.
But he being dead, who should the slave prefer,
He turn'd a Journey-man t'a † Bookseller;

† *A Lords Son, and all Noblemens Sons, are called Noblemen there.*
* *See his Poem upon* Oliver.--- *And wisely he essay'd to stanch the Blood by breathing of a Vein.*
† Mr. Herringman, *who kept him in his House for that purpose.*

Writ

Writ Prefaces to Books for Meat and Drink,
And as he paid, he would both write and think.
Then by th'aſſiſtance of a * Noble *Knight*,
Th'hadſt plenty, eaſe, and liberty to write.
Firſt like a *Gentleman* he made thee live;
And on his Bounty thou didſt amply thrive.
But ſoon thy Native ſwelling Venom roſe,
And thou didſt him, who gave thee Bread, expoſe.
'Gainſt him a ſcandalous Preface didſt thou write,
Which thou didſt ſoon expunge, rather than fight.
(When turn'd away by him in ſome ſmall time)
You in the Peoples ears began to chime,
And pleaſe the Town with your ſucceſsful Rime.
When the beſt Patroneſs of Wit and Stage,
The Joy, the Pride, the wonder of the Age,
Sweet *Annabel* the good, great, witty, fair;
(Of all this Northern Court, the brighteſt Star)

* *Sir* R. H. *who kept him generouſly at his own Houſe.*

Did on thee, *Bayes*, her ſacred beams diſpence,
Who could do ill under ſuch influence?
She the whole *Court* brought over to thy ſide,
And favour flow'd upon thee like a Tide.
To her thou ſoon prov'dſt an * *ungrateful Knave*;
So good was ſhe, not only ſhe forgave,
But did oblige anew, the faithleſs Slave.
And all the Gratitude he can afford,
Is baſely to traduce her Princely Lord.
A *Heroe* worthy of a *God-like* Race,
Great in his Mind, and charming in his Face,
Who conquers Hearts, with unaffected Grace.
His mighty Vertues are too large for Verſe,
Gentle as billing Doves, as angry Lions fierce:

* *When he had thrice broken his Word, Oath, and Bargain with Sir* William Davenant, *he wrote a Letter to this great Lady to paſs her word for him to Sir* William, *who would not take his own; which ſhe did. In his Letter he wiſht God might never proſper him, his Wife or Children, if he did not keep his Oath and Bargain; which yet in two Months he broke, as ſeveral of the Dukes Play-houſe can teſtifie.*

His

His Strength and Beauty ſo united are,
Nature deſign'd him *Chief*, in Love and War.
All Lovers Victories he did excel,
Succeeding with the beautious *Annabel*.
Early in Arms his glorious courſe began,
Which never *Heroe* yet ſo ſwiftly ran.
Wherever danger ſhew'd its dreadful face,
By never-dying acts, h'adorn'd his *Royal Race*.
Sure the three *Edwards* Souls beheld with Joy,
How much thou outdidſt Man, when little more than [Boy.
And all the *Princely Heroes* of thy Line,
Rejoyc'd to ſee ſo much of their great Blood in thine.
So good and ſo diffuſive is his Mind,
So loving to, and lov'd by Humane kind,
He was for vaſt and general good deſign'd.
In's height of Greatneſs he all eyes did glad,
And never Man departed from him ſad.

Sweet and obliging, eaſie of acceſs,
Wiſe in his Judging, courteous in addreſs.
Ore all the Paſſions he bears ſo much ſway,
No *Stoick* taught 'em better to obey.
And, in his Suffering part, he ſhines more bright,
Than he appear'd in all that gaudy light.
Now, now, methinks he makes the braveſt ſhow,
And ne're was greater *Heroe* than he's now.
For publick good, who wealth and power forſakes,
Over himſelf a glorious Conqueſt makes.
Religion, Prince, and *Laws* to him are dear;
And in defence of all, he dares appear.
'Tis he muſt ſtand like *Scæva* in the breach,
'Gainſt what ill Miniſters do, and furious Parſons preach.
Were't not for him, how ſoon ſome *Popiſh* Knife
Might rob us of his *Royal* Fathers Life!
We to their fear of thee that bleſſing owe:
In ſuch a Son, happy Great King art thou,
Who can defend, or can revenge thee ſo.

Next, for thy Medal, *Bayes*, which does revile
The wiſeſt *Patriot* of our drooping Iſle,
Who *Loyally* did ſerve his Exil'd *Prince*,
And with the ableſt Councel bleſt him ſince;
None more than he did ſtop *Tyrannick* Power,
Or, in that *Criſis*, did contribute more,
To his Juſt Rights our Monarch to reſtore;
And ſtill by wiſe advice, and Loyal Arts,
Would have ſecur'd him in his Subjects Hearts.
You own the Miſchiefs, ſprung from that Intrigue,
Which fatally diſſolv'd the *Tripple-League*.
Each of your *Idol mock-Triumvirate knows*,
Our *Patriot* ſtrongly did that Breach oppoſe.
Nor did this Lord a *Dover*-Journey go,
* *From thence our tears, the* Ilium *of our woe.*
Had he that Intereſt follow'd, how could he
By thoſe that ſerv'd it then diſcarded be?

* Bayes *his own expreſſion*, Medal, pag. 5.

The

The *French* and *Papiſts* well his Merits know;
Were he a friend, they'd not purſu'd him ſo:
From both he would our beſet King preſerve,
For which he does Eternal wreaths deſerve.
His Life they firſt, and now his Fame would take,
For Crimes they forge, and ſecret Plots they make.
They by hir'd Witneſſes the firſt purſue,
The latter by vile Scriblers hir'd like you.
Thy Infamy will bluſh at no diſgrace,
(With ſuch a harden'd Conſcience, and a Face)
Thou only want'ſt an *Evidences* place.
When th'*Iſle* was drown'd in a Lethargick ſleep,
Our vigilant *Heroe* ſtill a watch did keep.
When all our ſtrength ſhould have been made a Prey
To the Leud *Babyloniſh Dalilah*,
Methinks I ſee our watchful *Heroe* ſtand,
Jogging the Nodding Genius of our Land;

Which

Which sometime struggling with sleeps heavy yoak,
Awak'd, star'd, & look'd grim, and dreadfully he spoke.
The voice fill'd all the Land, and then did fright
The *Scarlet Whore* from all her works of night.
But-----
With unseen strengths at home, and Forreign Aid,
Too soon She rall i'd, and began t'invade,
And many Nets she spread, and many Toils she laid.
To lull us yet asleep, what pains she takes!
But all in vain, for still our Genius wakes.
And now remembers well the * dangerous Test,
Which might have all our Liberty oppress,
Had not the cover'd snare our *Heroe* found,
And for some time bravely maintain'd the ground,
Till others saw the bondage was design'd,
And late with them their straggling Forces joyn'd.
A † Bill then drawn by B----did we see,
A zealous Bill against ------ for Popery.

* April 75.
† Anno 76.

Then

Then Murther'd *Godfrey*, a *lov'd Princes blood*,
Ready with precious drops to make a purple-flood.
When *Popiſh Tyranny* ſhall give command,
And ſpread again its darkneſs o're the Land.
Then Bloody Plots we find laid at their door,
Than whom none e're have done or ſuffered more,
Or, would to ſave the Prince they did reſtore.
Amidſt theſe helliſh Snares, 'tis time to wake;
May never more a ſleep our Genius take.
Theſe things did ſoon our glorious City warm,
And for their own, and Princes ſafety arm.
The Joy of ours, Terrour of other Lands,
With moderate Head, with unpolluted Hands,
To which the Prince and People ſafety owe,
From which the uncorrupted ſtreams of Juſtice flow.
Through thickeſt clouds of Perjury you ſee,
And ne're by *Hackney-Oaths* deceiv'd will be
Reſolv'd to value Credibility.

Thou

Thou vindicat'ſt the Juſtice of thy Prince,
Which ſhines moſt bright by clearing Innocence.
While ſome would Subjects of their Lives bereave,
By Witneſſes themſelves could ne're believe,
Though wrongly accus'd, yet at their Blood they aim,
And, as they were their *Quarrey*, think it ſhame
Not to run down, and ſeize the trembling Game.
Thy *Juſtice* will hereafter be renown'd,
Thy laſting name for *Loyalty* be crown'd.
When 'twill be told who did our Prince reſtore,
Whom thou with zeal, didſt ever ſince adore.
How oft haſt thou his Princely wants ſupply'd?
And never was thy needful aid deny'd.
How long his Kindneſs with thy Duty ſtrove!
Great thy Obedience, and as great his Love;
And curſt be they who would his Heart remove.
Thou (ſtill the ſame) with equal zeal wilt ſerve;
Maintain his Laws, his Perſon wilt preſerve.

But some foul Monsters thy rich womb does bear,
That, like base Vipers, would thy bowels tear;
Who would thy *ancient Charters* give away,
And all thy *stronger Liberties* betray:
Those *Elder Customs* our great Ancestors
Have from the *Saxon* times convey'd to ours.
Of which no Pers'nal Crimes a loss can cause,
By *Magna Charta* backt, and by succeeding Laws.
This is the *Factious Brood* we should pursue;
For as in *Schism*, so in *Sedition* too,
The Many are deserted by the Few.
These Factious Few, for bitter scourges fit,
(To shew *Addressing* and *Abhorring* Wit)
Set up a *Jack of Lent*, and throw at it.
But those, alas, false silly measures take,
Who of the Few an * Association make.
Thou need'st not doubt to triumph o're these Fools,
These blindly led, these Jesuited Tools;

* *Their Addressing is plainly making an Association.*

Whilst

Whilſt bravely thou continu'ſt to oppoſe,
All *would be Papiſts*, as all *Romiſh Foes*.
In ſpight of lawleſs men, and * Popiſh flames,
(Inrich'd by thy much lov'd and bounteous *Thames*)
May into thee the Wealth of Nations flow,
And to thy height all *Europes* Cities bow.
Thou great ſupport of Princely Dignity!
And Bulwark to the Peoples Liberty!
If a good *Mayor* with ſuch good *Shrieves* appear,
Nor Prince, nor People, need a danger fear:
And ſuch we hope for each ſucceeding year.
Thus thou a Glorious City may'ſt remain,
And all thy Ancient Liberties retain,
While *Albion* is ſurrounded with the Main.
Go, *Abject Bayes!* and act thy ſlaviſh part;
Fawn on thoſe *Popiſh Knaves*, whoſe Knave thou art:
'Tis not ill writing, or worſe Policy,
That can enſlave a Nation, ſo long free.

* *See the Chancellors Excellent Speech before the Sentence on the Lord* Stafford.

Our King's too good to take that rugged courſe;
He'll win by kindneſs, not ſubdue by force.
If King of Slaves and Beaſts, not Men he'd be,
A Lyon were a greater Prince than he.
Approach him then, let no malitious Chit,
No inſolent Prater, nor a flaſhy Wit,
Impeachments make not men for States-men fit.
But-----
Truth, Judgment, Firmneſs, and Integrity,
With long experience, quick ſagacity,
Swift to prevent, as ready to foreſee;
Knowing the depths from which all action ſprings,
And by a Chain of cauſes judging things:
That does all weights into the ballance caſt,
And wiſely can fore-tell the future, by the paſt.
Where ere ſuch vertuous qualities appear,
They're *Patriots* worthy of a Princes ear,
To Him and Subjects they'l alike be dear.

The

The Kings and Peoples Intereſt they'll make one.
What perſonal greatneſs can our Monarch own,
When hearts of Subjects muſt ſupport the Throne!
And Miniſters ſhould ſtrive thoſe hearts t'unite,
Unleſs they had a mind to make us fight.
Who by Addreſſes thus the Realm divide,
(All bonds of Kindred, and of Friends untide)
Have in effect, in Battle rang'd each ſide.
But Heaven avert thoſe Plagues which we deſerve:
Inteſtine Jarres, but Popiſh ends can ſerve.
How falſe, and dangerous Methods do they take,
Who would a King but of Addreſſers make!
They from Protection would throw all the reſt,
And poorly narrow the Kings Intereſt.
To make their little Party too, ſeem great,
They with falſe Muſters, like the *Spaniards*, cheat.
He's *King* of all, and would have all their Hearts,
Were't not for theſe dividing *Popiſh* arts.

Stateſmen

Stateſmen who his true Intereſt would improve,
Compute his Greatneſs by his Peoples Love:
That may aſſiſt our Friends, and Foes o'recome;
So much he will be fear'd Abroad, as lov'd at Home.
He at the Peoples Head may great appear,
As th' *Edward's*, *Henry's*, and *Eliza* were.
And curſt be they who would that Power divide,
Who would diſſolve that Sacred knot by which they're [ty'd.
Thoſe Miſcreants who hate a *Parliament*,
Would ſoon deſtroy our Antient Government.
Thoſe *Slaves* would make us fit to be o'recome,
And gladly ſell the Land to *France*, or *Rome*.
But Heaven preſerve our Legal Monarchy,
And all thoſe Laws that keep the People free.
Of all Mankind, for ever curſt be they,
Who would or Kings, or Peoples Rights betray,
Or ought would change, but by a Legiſlative way.

Be

Be damn'd the moſt abhorr'd, and Traiterous Race,
Who would the beſt of Governments deface.

Now farewel wretched Mercenary *Bayes*,
Who the *King* Libell'd, and did *Cromwel* praiſe.
Farewel, abandon'd Raſcal! only fit
To be abus'd by thy own ſcurrilous Wit.
Which thou wouldſt do, and for a Moderate Sum, —
Anſwer thy Medal, and thy *Abſolom*.
Thy piteous Hackney-Pen ſhall never fright us,
Thou'rt dwindl'd down to *Hodge*, and *Heraclitus*.
Go, *Ignoramus* cry, and *Forty One*,
And by * *Sams Parſons* be thou prais'd alone.
Pied thing! half Wit! half Fool! and for a Knave,
Few Men, than this, a better mixture have:
But thou canſt add to that, Coward and Slave.

* *A Coffee-houſe where the Inferiour Crape-gown-men meet with their Guide* Roger, *to invent Lies for the farther carrying on the Popiſh-Plot.*

FINIS.